

usual, and the mules looking wisely, choosing  
their way,  
and leaping dexterously upon and among  
the rocks.  
It is not a route for laden animals, but  
personally, as I  
had two men to help me, I did not find it so  
risky or  
severe as the descent of the Gokun Pass.

Below these conglomerate precipices are  
steep and  
dangerous zigzags, which I was obliged to  
ride down,  
and there we were not so fortunate, for  
Hadji's big saddle-  
mule slipped, and being unable to recover  
herself fell  
over the edge some hundred feet and was  
killed instant-  
aneously.

The descent of the southern face of  
Parwez, abrupt  
and dangerous most of the way, is over 4300  
feet. The  
track proceeds down the Holiwar valley,  
brightened by  
a river of clear green water, descending from  
Lake Irene.  
Having forded this, we camped on its left  
bank on a  
gravelly platform at the edge of the oak  
woods which  
clothe the lower spurs of the grand Kuh-i-  
Haft-Kuh,  
with a magnificent view of the gray  
battlemented pre-  
cipices of Parwez. The valley is beautiful, and  
acres of  
withered flowers suggested what its brief  
spring loveli-  
ness must be, but its altitude is only 5150  
feet, and the  
mercury in the shade was 104°, the  
radiation from the  
rock and gravel terrible, and the sand-flies  
made rest  
impossible. At midnight the mercury stood  
at 90°.  
There were no Bakhtiaris, but two or three  
patches of  
scorched-up wheat, not worth cutting,  
evidenced their  
occasional presence. Among these perished  
crops, revel-

ling in blazing soil and air like the breath of  
a furnace,  
grew the blue *centaurea* and the scarlet  
poppy, the  
world-wide attendants upon grain; and  
where other  
things were burned, the familiar rose-  
coloured "sweet  
william," a white-fringed *dianthus*, and a  
gigantic yellow  
mullein audaciously braved the heat.

*No* one slept that night because of the  
sand-flies and